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TO THE PUBLIC.

IN submitting the following poems to your judgment, the author does so in a truly Christian spirit—that is with fear and trembling, knowing how few of those who think they are called to be authors enter in at the narrow gate which leads to fame—the only reward for which any one worthy of the name of author labors as such.

The author thinks that the present case has a claim to your especial indulgence; for the deed to be judged (good, evil or indifferent, as it may be) is that of a person whom fortune, with all its attendant blessings (and let us trust its curses too) has sadly neglected and forced to seek for the scanty education and information necessary for the performance of the work outside of the usual channels, and by devoting thereto the few hours which hard manual labor allows for recreation and amusement. But lest this should go to show that it was impertinence on his part to attempt the task at all, it must be borne in mind that poetry is the pure gift of nature which she bestows on whom she pleases; rich and poor, learned and unlearned, share her favors alike. Burns as peasant, and Byron as lord, were equally recipients of her bounty.

With these remarks, I humbly submit myself to any sentence you may be pleased to pass.

J. J. M.

A. MCKENZIE'S REFLECTIONS WHILE ABOUT
TO ADDRESS HIS CONSTITUENTS AT
SARNIA IN 1875.

Dear friends of my bosom, companions of youth,
Could honor induce me to tell you the truth,
My story would totally differ to-day
From what my position would force me to say.

You therefore will pity my perilous state,
And pardon the falsehoods I am going to relate.
I'm better inclined, though deception I seek ;
The spirit is willing, the flesh is but weak.

I once had that freedom which now you enjoy,
Ere lusts for high honors its sense did destroy ;
No interests then was I forced to betray—
No master had I but myself to obey.

The river St. Clair is as lovely as then,
And nature's attractions as pleasing to men ;
Its beautiful order unaltered remains ;
The birds are still singing their musical strains.

But still the poor creature before you is changed,
Contentment and peace from his bosom estranged ;
No feelings of joy with my miseries mix—
In short I've got into a terrible fix.

Your servant I've sworn to be faithful and true.
Oh ! would that all masters were liberal as you ;
But there is another I humbly must serve,
Not even a hair from his rules can I swerve.

No matter what evils his orders may cause,
When once he proclaims them I never may pause ;
How often I see, while I meekly obey,
That far from the path of my duty I stray !

The prosperous country once ruled by Sir John,
I see it to ruin fast hurrying on.
Our laborers idle, and trade is depressed,
Our best manufacturers ruined, distressed.

But why, you may ask, do I rashly pursue
The course that but leads to the troubles I rue?
'Tis easier far the mistake to detect
Than errors attending the same to correct.

Now, what can I do? my political crown
I owe to the favors of Senator Brown;
He knows it, and wields without mercy the rod
That drives me to serve him as if he were God.

He swears if I err, on my head he will put
With a fearful "big push" the whole weight of his foot.
Ah! wonder not then that with fear I exert
All my talents and strength such a fate to avert.

I fancy this moment uplifted I see
(Oh! terrible vision, most frightful to me)
That foot which at man's simple fiat may fall,
And terminate honors, enjoyments and all.

Its shadow still haunts me by day and by night,
At home or abroad, it leaves never my sight;
Each movement I make without special command—
I fear that the climax of all is at hand.

O, merciless tyrant, thy menial bow spare—
Already I'm burdened with all I can bear;
The wealth of the people's a horrible load
To carry along on the straight narrow road.

Ah! yes any moment may usher my doom;
One pounce of that foot would consign to the tomb—
The tomb of obscurity from which I came,
This tiny declining and withering frame.

Friends, pray that, ere Death puts an end to the whole,
The breath of repentance may quicken my soul;
Do pray that I may have no reason to rue
My part in the contest of seventy-two.

A. McKENZIE AT QUEBEC ON HIS RETURN
FROM GREAT BRITAIN IN 1875, WHICH IT
WAS SAID HE VISITED IN ORDER
TO GET THE TITLE OF "SIR."

My sight you would pity, dear generous Brown,
On nearing a city or reaching a town ;
For charity hide me from scornful disgrace,
Or crowds will deride me and laugh in my face.

They know when we parted I travelled for fame ;
To find as I started my title's the same,
To party relations returning, I swear
Is more than my patience is able to bear.

How gladly I'd wander, how swiftly I'd stride
Where back streams meander, and wild beasts abide !
The Ottawa Valley unseen would I roam,
To reach and to rally my dear friends at home !

In rural seclusion to live as before,
I find 'tis delusion to seek any more ;
My standing much lower than ever I see ;
The honors of power are useless to me.

To want them 's unpleasant, to have them no gain ;
They prove evanescent, delusive and vain ;
They give us more trouble than ease or delight,
And, fleet as a bubble, they're out of our sight.

An humble mechanic, oh ! did I remain,
And titles Britannic not seek to obtain,
And prosper as Alick with friends as before,
When fables in Gaelic alone was my lore.

My curses with Britain forever abide—
Her children have smitten my glory and pride.
Though aristocratic, I think they are fools,
They speak so dogmatic on etiquette rules.

When my predecessor went over before,
They thought no aggressor invaded their shore ;
Their nobles held meetings to honor him there,
Nor jovial greetings to him did they spare.

Though fate made me humble, yet chance made me great,
No mortal should grumble at doings of fate :
Through folly and error from greatness I fell,
My anguish and terror no creature can tell.

MEETING OF GUIBORD'S BODY AND SOUL.

SOUL—*Bon soir, bon soir*, dear friend of old,
What mournful tale have I been told
By sister spirits, whom I knew
Ere earth I left, concerning you ?

BODY—Ah ! cruel partner of my life,
The cause of all my bitter strife,
Whose acts alone were justly blamed,
Are you, rash sinner, not ashamed ?

SOUL—Ashamed of what ? but let me know
What evils from my deeds did flow,
That I may know how much is true
Of what I hear regarding you.

BODY—Oh ! many, many pains and woes
I suffered from my subtle foes,
Who, to conceal their evil ends,
Pretended they were real friends.
Our clergy first refused me place
With those who died in peace and grace.
You know yourself what was the cause,
You know your sins—the Church's laws ;
What doctrines strict her teachers hold
Concerning those without her fold.
But Protestants the right did crave
To place me in a sacred grave ;
Said your's was not a grievous fault,
Then placed me in a gloomy vault,
Till they would know, I heard them say,
Where they should put my worthless clay.
And there I lay for weary years,
Till all my friends dried up their tears,
And lawyers had discussed my case
From court to court, from place to place,
Until at last our Queen's decree

Decided where my home should be.
It was the place at first denied,
As by the Church being set aside
For those whose outward lives are free
From sinful stains of grave degree.*
My poor remains then forth they brought,
And at the gate an entrance sought
Into the field where sleeps the dead—
Each one within his dungeon bed.
But at the gate a noisy crowd
Began to swear and curse aloud,
And welcomed with a shower of stones
The box that held my fleshless bones.
So prudence caused my friends to beat,
With gloomy hearts, a quick retreat.

*The writer's views he here announces will,
And thank the Queen and Privy Council
For their approval thus expressing
Of one good saintly bishop's blessing,
And their esteem for holy water
Which this same prelate chose to scatter
On ground he after deemed too holy
For any but true Christians solely,
For in this blessing only differ
(Unless than proper stated briefer)
The ground that first the clergy granted,
And what Guibord's relations wanted.
Now Queen and Council have decided
Guibord for death was well provided,
That decent dead should not abhor him,
And holy ground was fitter for him.
Hear other Protestants expressing
That each and every Popish blessing
Is but a damning superstition
That leads poor Papists to perdition,
And hear them swear that civil powers
Supreme are in this world of ours,
That men within a nation's borders
Should follow all its given orders,
But for this glaring contradiction
He blames some mental, sad affliction,
Which Satan, by some power he got,
Inflicts on every blinded bigot.

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As to my vault the train returned,
Their sad defeat they sorely mourned,
And said the priests throughout did cause
This violation of the laws.
'Tis just as likely though as not
That Protestants prepared the plot,
That they might have some faint excuse
Their hated neighbors to abuse.
It looks like many tricks of their's
They try to practice unawares.
For think how Clerk did once defeat
The hellish plans of T. De Witt,*
When he endeavored public shame
To bring upon our clergy's name,
By forging letters for the press,
Which did some cruel threats express.
But be the guilty who they may,
From what I heard I cannot say.
I then was placed secure once more
Within the vault I left before,
Which now was guarded night and day,
Lest men should steal my dust away,
And scatter on the floating air
All that remained of mortal there.
The while my party gathered force
To help them with their former course,
And true I did not long remain
When forth they brought me out again,
And armed policemen marched along
To clear my passage through the throng.
How sad it was to see my shroud
Surrounded by a mingled crowd.
Of heartless friends and thoughtless foes,
Who knew nor felt the mourners' throes.
And while they dragged me to the tomb,
A deep and awe-inspiring gloom
On all around me seemed to dwell ;
And nature's tears in showers fell,
As if she also would lament

* A correspondent of the WITNESS, who affirmed that he had received threatening letters ; but it was afterwards found he had written these letters himself—or rather got them written.

The passing of the sad event.
No more of earthly scenes I know,
For in the grave they laid me low,
And packed me up with lime and stones
For fear some scamps might raise my bones ;
Not ev'n a maggot could I see
To bring a word of news to me ;
No bending knee this sod did press ;
No friend for you did God address ;
I there alone neglected lay,
Until I rose this very day.
And fancy how I viewed the light
That ended such a cheerless night.

SOUL—But who or what unconscious brutes
Commenced those troublesome disputes ?
Who could be willing to have lost
One half of what they must have cost ?

BODY—So far as I could then find out
From all I heard while dragged about,
From learned men of all degrees,
The simple real facts are these :—

John Dougall first began the fight,
To vent a little spleen or spite,
And Doutre then the chance did seize,
To gain some paltry legal fees,
And other stupid, heartless fools,
Were rash enough to serve as tools,
That wealthy knaves might gain their ends,
And treat the craven tools as friends.
Poor Doutre forced to stoop so low,
For worldly gain, for paltry show ;
Constrained to thus disgrace his creed,
That he on dainty meats might feed !
And if you meet him here to-day,
You'll find he has a long array
On his forehead of sins and crimes
Committed in those troublous times.
I see John Dougall's sable brow
Among the gazing crowd just now ;
What'er he gained by falsehoods told
He pays for now a thousand fold.
See how he trembles fast with fear :

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He knows his fate will be severe.
The judge is coming, I must cease
And listen to his dread decrees.
Oh what a crowd is gathering round,
Awaiting to be cursed or crowned ;
See how our friends our path beset
To hear what sentence we shall get.

FATHER CHINIQUY'S PRAYER.

O, Father of ours, give ear to thy servant,
Who humbly implores thee, in prayer most fervent,
That thou in the goodness wouldst show him a token,
Or mark of approval of what he has spoken,
To further the end of thy glorious mission,
In leading more souls on the road to perdition.
O smile in thy mercy, thou chief of the legions
That dwell in the cells of thy terrible regions.
If thou wouldst but deign to encourage and praise me,
Thy words from dejection to rapture would raise me ;
'Tis meet to this tongue and its tastes thou shouldst pander,
Grown black in thy service by falsehood and slander.
O smoothen the sting of my timorous conscience ;
In vain have I tried to effect it by nonsense ;
The core of my bosom it's bitterly galling,
By thoughts of my fall from sweet virtue recalling.
Remember how oft I am willing to carry
The sins of my neighbors, for fear they might tarry
Too long without joining my special communion,
With which thou art always in intimate union.

Thou Goddess of riches, exalted and famous,
Whose power from numerous evils can save us,
Accept of my thanks for thy aid in acquiring,
And guard with thy might against Papists conspiring,
The wealth I have gained by my lying pretensions,
And efforts to cause the most shameful dissensions.

Thou merciful Goddess of vile prostitution,
Be pleased with the increase in sins of pollution,
And deign to continue thy usual favors ;
'Tis thou that wilt reap the best fruits of my labors.
Enliven the heart of each strumpet that glories

In listening to and repeating my stories,
And grant them the grace to adhere to my teaching,
Or little will be the result of my preaching.
O clasp to thy bosom, with tender affection,
Thy servant, who asks thy unfailing protection,
Who trusts that for others while thus interceding,
He serves thee as faithful as those he is leading.

Ye angels of darkness, ye powers infernal,
In hopes of receiving my spirit eternal,
Do grant that my animal passions unceasing
May feast in abundance of all that is pleasing.
And see their habitual cravings may never
Be slighted, that I may be with you forever.

But, Lucifer, muster thy agents and others,
The gods of all orders and angelic brothers,
From hell and its precincts to heaven above us,
Whom thou canst induce to regard or to love us ;
And pour all thy vengeance on popish deceivers,
Who dare to disturb or molest true believers.
May all the dread elements—lightning and thunder,
May liberty's blessings—destruction and plunder,
Demolish their churches and tear them asunder.
And may confiscations and dire persecutions,
Consign to destruction those dread institutions,
Where Romish ambassadors labor sincerely
To conquer the friends who thou lovest so dearly—
Those passions transmitted to all that are human,
By means of our parents, the first man and woman ;
Those friends from whom only thy servants can borrow
Some moments of joy in the midst of their sorrow.
Do crush all this system of error before thee,
And all its defenders, I ask, I implore thee,
And bring none secure into victory's haven
But such as will combat these enemies—Amen.

APOLOGY TO JOHN DOUGALL, OF THE MON-
TREAL "WITNESS," FOR PUBLISHING
CHINIQUY'S PRAYER.

O, pious John, do not refuse
Thy pardon to my youthful muse,
Although, in an unguarded time,

She listened to the sacred rhyme
Thy fellow-servant chanted forth,
To those who viewed with joy his birth
Into that self-devoted clique
Of fallen priests who only seek
To lead their fellow-men astray—
That they may give their passions away.
Although her manners be at fault
She never meant a mean assault
On cherished friends who feel secure
Around that hypocrite impure.
She only listened to disclose
His real object unto those
Who might through ignorance believe
He always meant to undeceive.
Indeed, perhaps she yet may claim
Some credit even for the same,
For kindred spirits will abound
In greater numbers, and surround
The standard of this petted saint,
Who keeps all reason in restraint.

THE DYING CATHOLIC'S SOLILOQUY.

When I lie in the grave,
In that desolate cave,
Will my relatives crave
For my early admission
To the dwelling above,
Where the Father will prove
That he punished for love
In my mortal condition.

Will they fervently pray
For a shorter delay
For my soul on the way
To the mansions of glory;
Will they think of my fate,
Of the friends that await
Me in the future state,
When they hear my death story;

When they read on a stone
At the sepulchre lone

That my spirit is gone,
Its departure has taken ;
On my bones when they tread
In the home of the dead,
From which dark narrow bed
The last trumpet will waken.

When they miss from its place
A familiar face,
With no record or trace
Of its former appearance ;
When in spirit they dwell
On some truth I did tell,
On some object loved well,
Or some tale of endearance ;

When they stroll through the land,
And by accident stand
Near the works of my hand,
Or some simple invention ;
When some knowledge of art,
I to them did impart,
With benevolent heart,
Will engage their attention.

When they share in the spoil
Of the fruits of my toil,
And I mould in the soil,
Will they pray for the giver.
Will they then give a thought
To the person who wrought,
To the labor that bought
The good things I deliver.

THE DYING INFIDEL'S SOLILOQUY.

There's something that forcibly brings to my mind
That pleasure and sorrow may not be confined
To earth, of which mortals so blindly are fond—
That something may please us or grieve us beyond.

See thousands of worlds intervolving above,
Whose movements and twinkling speak accents of love ;

And science informs of a place that's below,
Whose nature inspires us with nothing but woe.

But why were these made or created ? by whom ?
To what is their purpose, and what is their doom ?
Have they come by design, or exist they by chance,
To leave on a sudden a time shall advance !

I ne'er was consulted before I came here ;
I never was asked if I would volunteer
To enter life's battles, which sorely I've fought ;
The truth if I knew, I would shrink from the thought.

For where is the man in his senses would crave,
While stretched on his bed on the brink of the grave,
Permission to live the same life o'er again,
With each pleasure to balance each sorrow and pain ?

What man for its honors and promises fair
Would bear with its troubles, anxieties, care ?
For all its rewards who its dangers would brave ?
Would ruler or king any more than the slave ?

Through life we depend on the pleasures to be,
Expecting from present complaints to be free,
But find to our sore disappointment at last,
Each following woe to be worse than the past.

Who knows but the future has troubles as well,
Whose pangs will be greater the longer we dwell ;
Old age as its here may be infancy then,
And infancy fit us for manhood again.

Too late it is now to suspect my mistake ;
My journey to regions unknown I must make,
To suffer forever with those who have strayed,
Or else be forgot in oblivion's shade.

No better can happen, I've worked for no more ;
The chance that I had, would the past but restore,
The safest of roads I would chose as the best,
For merely a chance to be finally blest.

My hour of eternal departure is nigh—
In doubt have I lived and still doubting I die ;
Too soon or too late, a few moments will tell
If there be a God, or a heaven or hell.

THOUGHTS OF A LOST SOUL.

It is far above the power of words to express
The condition or state of the place where I dwell,
Or the feelings so painful, the woeful distress,
Which I now must endure in this horrible cell.

For no mortal on earth can my troubles reveal,
And no soul from these regions to tell them return,
But the heart can conceive all the torments I feel,
Where my body for ages encumbered must burn.

I must wish every moment that passes to die,
That the stillness of death may my agony end ;
But in vain for its blessings or comforts I sigh,
While its anguish and terror each moment attend.

I must see the disfigured and hideous frames
Of my former relations, companions and friends,
Who must share in my fate in this ocean of flames,
Where our path through its endless wild billows extends,

I must think of my folly while living in crime,
Of my madness in losing a heavenly prize,
For the fleeting, deceitful, vile pleasures of time,
For the dark bitter future before me that lies.

I must taste of the cup of the bitterest gall
With the palate I once was reluctant to pain ;
And my lips dry and pallid must constantly call
For a drop of cold water they'll never obtain.

And the sense that was served with the loveliest flowers,
With the costliest fragrance that wealth could acquire,
It must now be consoled in the loneliest hours,
With the odor of carcasses crisped with fire.

I must list to complaints from the wretches that dwell
By my side in the furnace a God did prepare,
To the groans of the friends whom I loved once too well,
To their heartrending shrieks and their howls of despair.

And I now might rejoice did I think of these woes
When I reveled in pleasures and counterfeit joy,
Did I think of the tortures that waited on those
Who in vice degraded their time should employ.

But, alas ! it is vain now my fate to deplore,
And these sorrows eternal my bosom must goad,
While methinks I can hear gentle steps as before,
On the tottering shell of my dismal abode.

And no friends will give ear to my pitiful strain ;
They'll be deaf to the voice of this suffering soul ;
Unassisted, unheard, I must weep and complain,
While long millions of millions of centuries roll.

Such, alas ! is my fate, once a monarch who reigned
Over millions of people with tyranny's away,
With my passions unchecked and my will unrestrained,
And surrounded by nobles to praise and obey.

And those nobles attend on my soul as before,
But their praises are changed to the sorrowful wails
Of the fools who their faults only then will deplore,
When they feel the dread evils their folly entails.

Such, alas ! is my fate, once a learned young man ;
Then in spirit o'er thousands of suns I did roam ;
I could tell with precision the courses they ran,
And I flattered myself they would now be my home.

And the teachers who taught me their home is my own,
But experience tells me their teachings were vain,
Their reward for it now is the piteous moan
Which is forced from the heart that is writhing with pain.

Such, alas ! is my fate, once a beautiful maid,
With an eye full of love, and a cheek like the rose ;
Then my silent behests wealthy lovers obeyed,
Who supplied to my fancy whatever I chose.

And my former sweet lovers my torments now share,
But how changed are our looks and the thoughts of our
 hearts,
Into blasphemous curses changed promises fair
And our amorous glances to grief's piercing darts.

Such, alas ! is my fate, once an innocent child,
Who on mother's fond bosom was hourly caressed,
On whose spirit a heavenly Father once smiled,
Who by parents on earth was so tenderly blessed.

And my negligent parents now with me are here
For neglecting my footsteps in virtue to guide ;

And their foul imprecations fall dull on the ear
Of the child who before was their joy and their pride.

Oh, accursed be the nobles who helped me to rule
With the rod of the tyrant, the heart of the knave,
But who tempted myself to become like the fool
Who, while ruling the earth, to himself was a slave.

Oh, accursed be the teachers who taught me to know
Every science within our poor reason that lies,
Every art within reach of weak mortals below,
But who taught me their Author's commands to despise.

Oh, accursed be the lovers who flattered my pride,
And who promised my losses one day to repay
With the sought for reward—the sweet joys of a bride,
And who devoted their talents my soul to betray.

Oh, accursed be the father who here let me stray,
Thrice accursed be the mother who brought me to mourn :
Oh, accursed for ever and ever the day
On which I for these torments eternal was born.

And shall such be the thoughts of this foolish young bard
While the days of eternity wearily run ?
Will my relations pray that a better reward
May await my poor soul when my labors are done ?

ON SCOTLAND.

There is a land beyond the sea,
Whose hills and dales are dear to me,
Its gallant children brave and free,
Its lovely vales and mountains grand.

A land whose beauty none can tell ;
Fair features on its landscapes dwell ;
To it my father bade farewell,
To pass his days on distant shores.

But yet should fortune be my friend,
Before my life sad death will end,
I hope some day my steps to wend
Across its bonny heather hills.

Among those hills are dear loved spots,
Where lived fair Mary Queen of Scots;
And where my sires in lowly cots
Did pass the happy days of youth.

Where many friends in silence lay,
And where my father's bones decay,
Reposing till the dreadful day
When they shall get their just reward.

And where my father used to roam,
In playful wanderings far from home,
To gaze upon the billow's foam,
Or take a glance at roving deer.

That land where Burns, with vivid glow,
And talents bright, did for'dly show
The lustre beauty's charm did throw
Around the maidens whom he loved.

That land where Wallace fought and bled,
Whose hills he strewed with Southren's dead,
As the last spark of life had fled
Before the swords of Scotland's sons.

When false King Edward sought in vain
Her rights to crush, her crown to gain,
Ah ! well might Edward spare his pain,
For Scotia's sons could not be slaves.

And well may Caledonia pride
Upon her sons who thus defied
The mighty host, and nobly died
To guard unstained their sacred soil.

But then we wonder not at these ;
Ere we forget them time will cease—
For naught can Scotsmen's love appease,
They're loyal aye to king and crown.

With Scotsmen of deserving fame
Such feeling is a burning flame,
Within their hearts which naught can tame,
Till precious time shall be no more.

But foolish efforts now make I,
When Scottish worth to praise I try,
All praise that would herein apply
Would task an abler pen than mine.

FOR G. E. CLERK, EDITOR OF THE "TRUE
WITNESS."

O, Nature, that mankind so richly hast blest,
Now mourn with the mourners of him that is gone ;
O join us to weep for the truest and best
Of all the good creatures thou callest thy own.

Clothe, Scotland, in mourning thy mountain and vale
For one of thy many good children has died ;
Let thy nobles the loss of a brother bewail,
And lay pleasures, rejoicings and laughter aside.

O, Ireland's chaste daughter, thy sorrows disclose,
And the praises of him who would honor thee speak ;
Let tears in abundance now cover the rose,
And darken the lily that colors thy cheek.

O, Virtue sublime, as a widow lament,
The loss of a faithful protector deplore ;
And, Truth, thy loud wailings to heaven present,
Thy advocate for thee will battle no more.

Ye readers of his who have often admired
The wonderful power of his talented pen,
Now grieve, for the teacher and saint has expired,
Whose equal will never instruct you again.

Ye Protestant doctors, who differ in views,
From those who more bitterly suffer the blow,
Delay not to praise, nor a tear-drop refuse
An honest, sincere, though a powerful foe.

O, Mother, the Church, to thy Master appeal,
And beg of his goodness, his mercy and grace,
For him who exceeded in talent and zeal
All other defenders who pleaded thy case.

Ye Catholic prelates, in learning profound,
A speedy admission to bliss for him crave ;
Your sorrowful anthems let heaven resound ;
Your equal in learning lies cold in the grave.

O, mother of Jesus, and angels on high,
A place in your heavenly mansions prepare,
And pray to your God that the moment be nigh
When you shall be able to welcome him there.

"TRUE

EPITAPH ON THE SAME.

To earth and heaven have returned
Their choicest gifts to erring man,
And Catholics have deeply mourned
The greatest loss that mortals can.

A faithful guide to them is lost,
A learned friend from them is gone ;
Who knew him best esteemed him most ;
He loved but virtue's cause alone.

EPITAPH FOR OGLE R. GOWAN, CHAMPION
OF ORANGEISM.

Lie here the remains of as faithful a child
As any on whom the bright sun ever smiled,
Who labored and prayed that his Father might gain
The soul of the Pope, but when all was in vain,
Forsook all his pleasures, amusements and pelf,
And for love of the devil went hellward himself.

Or was it that Gowan led Satan to hope
He soon might his vengeance seek out on the Pope,
Till Satan at last saw, in spite of old age,
The Pope was still well, and then sent in a rage
An agent of his Mr. Gowan to slay,
For cheating his majesty day after day ?

But, friends of the craft, to this lesson attend,
Take warning in time from the fate of your friend :
To hell with the Pope, was his principal prayer
Yet you see that himself was the first to get there.
So curses but fall on the people who curse,
While victims intended are nothing the worse.

EPITAPH FOR A BACHELOR.

The remains of a creature lie under this stone,
Whose soul with the passion of love never burned,
Who lived for himself—for his pleasure alone,
And departed unwept and unmourned.

No children inherit his silver or gold,
More distant relations fight over his purse ;
Old maids in abhorrence his memory hold,
And assemble here weekly to curse.

HORRID TALE OF A DREAMER.

Many ages past have glided since our teachers have
decided
That no souls but the misguided ever hark to dreams
vain,
But I think they give permission to forget this wise
decision,
When a dreamer's dream or vision can be seen so very
plain,
When the truth of dream or vision is conspicuously plain
From some facts in this domain.

But on this no longer dwelling, and all fear and doubt
dispelling,
I can scarcely now from telling my experience refrain,
Of a strange and frightful vision, to which once I got
admission,
A mysterious apparition far beyond all things mundane,
A most dreadful apparition far beyond all things mundane,
In the wicked world's domain.

Though my conduct prove an error, yet this dreadful tale
of terror
Will inspire such thrilling horror, and instil such lasting
pain,
That each sorrowful expression will create but this im-
pression,
That to take as a profession such sad mysteries to explain.
To assume as a profession such deep mysteries to explain.
We're a plague in this domain.

When my day of toil was ended, and in sleep I lay ex-
tended,
In a moment I descended to the place where demons
reign ;
There I saw in dungeons lying, tortured creatures slowly
dying,

But continually sighing for that death to come in vain ;
All their wishing and their sighing there appeared to be
in vain,

In that hopeless dark domain.

Petty agents sorely shattered, round in little groups were
scattered,
Who in anguish spoke and clattered to forget their troubl-
ing pain,
While the chief as faithful captor at the door, in silent
rapture,
Stood, awaiting there to capture some unlucky straying
swain,
As if waiting there to capture some convicted guilty swain,
To torment in his domain.

But the evil soul'd imposter, who all ill designs did foster
The deceitful, cruel monster, had not long there to
remain ;

And the outward sign of pressure caused by sorrow with-
out measure

Soon gave way to smiles of pleasure seldom witnessed in
his fane,

To repulsive smiles of pleasure rarely seen within his fane
In that sorrowful domain.

For as silently he glided, he beheld a figure bloated,
On whom seemingly he doted, slowly walk across the
plain,

One with eye-balls fairly staring, as if, mournfully des-
pairing,

He had lately been preparing to forsake all things mun-
dane,

As if, frightfully despairing, he had left his home mundane
Now to dwell in that domain.

As he neared in their direction, "Bismarck," rose in
every section,

As if Bismarck was affectionately loved by all the train ;
When he reached the lower level, every ghastly fiend
and devil

In his glory seemed to revel, in his presence they were
fain ;

Friends around him seemed to revel and to welcome him
were fain

To his friends in their domain.

Then the chief, as if to pander to his passions, let him
wander
Through each hidden dark meander, to each captive in
his chain,
To each long departed Roman, the untiring bitter foeman
Of the Christian maid and yeoman, where the Ceasars
once did reign,
Of the faithful maid and yeoman where the cruel kings
did reign,

O'er a powerful domain.

First a simple salutation was the only consolation
To the inmates at each station that he willingly would
deign,
For he saw his model hero, the blood-thirsty tyrant Nero,
And it certainly would cheer him his acquaintance to
obtain;
To his spirits it was cheering such acquaintance to ob-
tain,

In that lonely dark domain.

Here the guest was heard to mutter : " See the lips that
once did utter
The commands that made each gutter faithful martyr's
blood to drain,
And my model tyrant brother, can this foot be any other
Than the weapon which your mother with such cruelty
has slain,"
What a son the loving mother once that nursed him to
have slain,

While he ruled a vast domain.

But his freedom now was ended, Popish traitors that
attended,
With a fury apprehended him as if they were insane ;
There was no one there to aid him, fast in iron chains
they made him,
In a dungeon dark they laid him, which did countless
worms contain,
Rudely in a dungeon laid him, that did crawling swarms
contain.

In that filthy low domain.

Now his spirits fast were failing, his entreaties unavailing,
And he struggled there bewailing all the errors of his
reign,

While the traitors cruel hatred closed the prison door
and started,
And he cried out as they started : " Shall I never freedom
gain
Must I languish broken hearted, can I never freedom
gain,
From this hideous domain."

Now the uproar had subsided and the wretched souls
provided
To make fuel were confided to the meanest of the train ;
But my reason it surpassed it to find out how long this
lasted ;
I could not there contrast it with the time of life mun-
dance ;
I had nothing to contrast it with our days and years
mundane ;

All was night in that domain.

But at last a precious jewel was decreed to be the fuel
Of the flames those spirits cruel in that furnace did main-
tain,
And there was a grand reaction to the demons' satis-
faction,
As they learned of a transaction that would soon be to
their gain,
Like the former a transaction by which further they
might gain

One approaching their domain.

One whose living seemed expensive for his name was most
extensive,
As if acting the defensive for his spindles in the rain,
While each horrid ugly feature of this most repulsive
creature
Showed that neither shape nor nature had a trace of the
humane ;
Yes, his sable tongue and features lost all claims to the
humane,

Made him fit for that domain.

All the demons in their glory told each other of the story,
As he travelled sad and slowly leaning on his massive
cane ;

But the chief of the ill-fated seemed to be the most elated

And with open arms awaited to embrace him in their fane,
With a grinning smile awaited to admit him to their
fane,

As he entered their domain.

Welcome, said he, to my presence, you have practised
well my lessons,

My begotten and my essence, let me to my bosom strain ;
You my only perfect liar and unscrupulous decrrier
Of the saintly nun and friar over Britain, France and
Spain.

Of the hated nun and friar o'er America and Spain,
Over all the world's domain.

Hail, my subject true and loyal, from the city of Mount
Royal,

Well you've labored to destroy those who would dare my
name profane,

You have clearly proved your fitness to conduct my lying
WITNESS,

Every slander their was sweetness and a solace for my
pain ;

Every sentence there a sweetness that would heal the
greatest pain,

Even in this dread domain.

Then he got some introductions to the teachers whose
instructions

Were the cause of his destruction—were his guides in
this domain ;

Here he shared some sad embraces—kissed about a dozen
faces

Which were stripped of all the graces that once charmed
the precious train,

Of the tempting looks and graces that beguiled poor
Luther's train

Of true friends in this domain.

When to Calvin he went over—though of him an ardent
lover,

It was easy to discover that he ventured to complain,
For he read in ancient pages that his sickness was con-
tagious,

His devourers so courageous that his linens they might
stain,

Were so restless and courageous that his garments they
might stain,

In that wretched, vile domain.

While the next beloved one clasping, fiendish hands his
limbs were grasping,
And they stretched him, moaning, gasping, in his cell and
bound his chain,
Where as far as I could gather he repeated, "Cruel
Father
Truly now my soul would rather that your foe I did
remain,
Now my helpless soul would rather that your foe I did
remain

While I lived on earth's domain.

While his dying groanings hearing all the scene was dis-
appearing,
And I wakened wandering, fearing where but lately I had
lain ;
But these groanings unabating thro' my heart and ears
are grating,
And, while this I am relating, chill the blood in every
vein ;
While this tale I am relating, the blood chills in every
vein,

Not to cease in this domain.

BACCHUS'S LAMENTATIONS OVER THE COUN-
TY OF G—— ON SEEING THE SUCCESS
OF THE TEMPERANCE MOVE-
MENT THERE.

My soul is afflicted with insults injurious,
My throne is attacked by a tempest most furious,
My agents abroad are forlorn and penurious,
Deprived of their coffers,
And, thinking my promises knowingly spurious,
Have acted the scoffers.

My local dispensers have lost their gentility,
Are forced to employ all their skill and ability
To gain a subsistence in humble servility ;
How bitter the story

Of servants who once shewed a pleasing agility
To forward my glory.

Where once my adorers enjoyed to satiety
All sensual pleasures of every variety,
There dwells now but cheerless and gloomy anxiety,
With friend and with neighbor ;
For this do the friends of accursed sobriety
So diligent labor.

Who once left my temples in raptures mysterious,
And sank by the highway with pleasures delirious,
Now trudge to their homes with countenance serious,
For want of their toddy ;
Who dare then assert that such stuff's deliterious
To spirit or body ?

'Tis true to adore me erect was laborious,
And often was earthly attractions victorious ;
What matter to them if the feelings were glorious ;
In happiness gloating
They chanted my praises with voices uproarious ;
Their senses were floating.

How monstrous to think that they acted infernally,
As they chatted together sincerely, fraternally,
And, clasped in the arms of each other externally,
All jealously scorning,
They tickled with drops from their pillow internally,
Going home in the morning.

Yet Catholic teachers and ministers various
Tell people my traffic is always nefarious ;
But the beverage doubtless makes people hilarious
Whenever they get it.
And doctors consult me when health is precarious,
Nor ever regret it.

My once dear beloved, return and apologize,
And listen no more to their vaunted theology,
'Twill soon prove as vain as di l ancient astrology,
Hear me, I beseech you ;
My doctrines are older than pagan mythology,
As Noah will teach you.

THE DRUNKARD'S GRAVE.

Where blooming flowers no glory shed,
Or artist's labors mark his head,
Away from all the Christian dead,
Like thief or knave,
The drunkard fills his narrow bed—
The drunkard's grave.

No weeping friends, no children dear,
Around this lonely grave appear,
To shed a fond regretful tear,
His couch to lave ;
They hate to speak, they hate to hear
Of such a grave.

His nearest friends there laid him low,
And keenly felt the bitter throe,
But blessed the hand that dealt the blow
Relief that gave,
As then the cause of all their woe
Was in his grave.

Where others peace and joy obtained,
Where pleasures sweet and freedom reigned,
The foolish wretch for life remained
An abject slave,
Until his cruel masters chained
Him in his grave.

The vilest slave of all mankind,
Obliged to serve his passions blind,
Devoting to them soul and mind,
Oft doomed to crave
A moment's joy he could not find
This side the grave.

His noblest gifts by passion awayed
In prime of life his health betrayed,
And every low desire obeyed,
Too weak to stave
Their mighty force—it early laid
Him in his grave.

His partner's woes few friends condole ;
No wealth is left—he spent the whole ;

Perhaps her once angelic soul
He did deprave,
And, when her mortal years shall roll,
She'll fill his grave.

His little children, orphans meek,
As tears roll down each furrowed cheek,
From door to door their bread must seek,
Their lives to save,
Those gentle lips ashamed to speak
Of father's grave.

Ye blooming youth, who still are free
From every touch of evil flee ;
Whenever ye shall tempted be
To thus behave,
The drunkard's friends and children see,
Go see his grave.

There rests despised your fellow man ;
As you'd begin he once began,
But tempting glasses, one by one,
The road did pave,
Until at last he headlong ran
Into that grave.

And ye who now misguided stray,
No more the cruel fiend obey,
Your highest gifts of soul display,
The current brave ;
Or as you go one moment stay
To view this grave.

Ere you proceed, take timely care,
And for your final fate prepare ;
Soon stop you must, you choose but where.
Take heed I crave ;
Shall it be now, or only there
In that sad grave ?

Ere you descend the rugged steep,
Along its pathway, dark and deep,
See mothers, wives and orphans weep,
Then see the cave
Where he who once descends must sleep,
Oh ! such a grave.

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If still you risk the bitter end
To which the drunkard's footsteps tend,
Beyond this world your view extend ;
See millions rave
Where he eternal years must spend
Who fills this grave.

MORE EVIL THAN GOOD.

There are countless briars for each pretty flower ;
There are years of trouble for each happy hour.
Peace is but a moment ; shame, remorse and fears,
Care, regret and sorrow may endure for years.
Every grief is real of which men complain,
But reputed pleasures oft are fraught with pain.
Many sought for blessings may turn out a curse,
While each dreaded loss is than expected worse.
Hope is oft deceitful, but how very rare
Do we find successful those who once despair.
Many hoping glory may be doomed to hell,
But how few despondents will in heaven dwell.
Ev'ry evil action is a wicked thing ;
Many shining virtues from ill motives spring.
Always vicious habits are acquired with ease,
But the good with labor and by slow degrees.
Enemies are constant, hatred rarely dies,
While the friends who love us very soon despise.
Thoughts of evil treatment are abandoned not,
Favors kindly granted oft are soon forgot.
Stories of detraction are with ease believed ;
What is to our credit is with doubt received.
Many acts of kindness does it take to cure
What a word in anger makes the soul endure.
Often years of labor does it take to pay
For the bad excesses of a single day.
Many balms and plasters does it take to heal,
From one wound inflicted what of pain we feel.
Always thrives untended every noxious weed ;
Only care and culture grow the useful seed.
Seldom do they prosper on whom riches frown,
Yet the great and wealthy very oft go down.
Fame is but a shadow, pleasures but enslave ;
Life's a fleeting vision seen beside the grave ;
Death is often nearer than we dare suppose,
But who liveth after the expected close.

COMPOSED FOR LITTLE MINNIE B—

What creature so fair that its charms can compare
With the many that there in thy countenance shine;
The foam on the shore, when the wild waters roar,
Would look faded before that complexion of thine;
The snow in the vale set adrift by the gale
In its whiteness would fail, and in brightness decline;
The snow-colored swan would look faded and wan,
And to lily of mankind the honor resign.

The beauty and power of the lily white flower,
And the rainbow's fair bower you would cast in the shade;
The praise that is due to the rose or its hue,
Though bestowed upon you, would small honor have paid:
Bright clouds in the morn which the heavens adorn,
Of their splendor were shorn by that image surveyed;
The May morning sky has no charms for the eye
Like the beautiful dye on your cheek that's displayed.

Thy sparkling eyes are like the prettiest star
That sheds light from afar on our path in the night;
Sweet creature benign, what true love does not shine
In those mirrors of thine, which are gracefully bright!
Their glances alluring are heavenly pure,
Scarce could sinners endure such a beautiful sight;
How lovely they beam with the brightness of Him,
The Creator supreme, who to angels is light!

THE HIGHLAND RACE.

Although I never yet have trod
Sweet Scotland's heath or sacred sod,
I read her children's deeds abroad;
 Their fame is spread
Wherever by the will of God
 Their steps are led.

In foreign lands, to hardships steel'd,
For honor's cause the sword they wield
Upon the bloody battle field,
 And win renown;
Before their valor tyrants yield,
 And arms lay down.

Among the ranks of high and low
Their energetic powers they show ;
In climes where torrid breezes blow
They govern there,
Where the St. Lawrence's waters flow,
And everywhere.

On distant shores while they sojourn,
Their absence from their home to mourn,
Their souls with love for it still burn,
And oft the while
In leisure moments they'll return
To range that isle.

Where Scottish kings made Scotland's laws,
Where Wallace fought for freedom's cause,
Will roving fancy love to pause
On scenes so dear,
Till fond remembrance often draws
The melting tear.

Where Bruce the gallant people freed,
And where their faithful sons did bleed
For conscience sake, for faith and creed,
Each fancy strays,
Till they their country's praise proceed
To sing in lays.

But, ah ! among its mountains green
The daring race now scarce is seen ;
The race which lately there has been
Fair nature's gem,
The raging waves now roar between
Their homes and them.

Yes, fate now sounds their dying knell,
And visitors with sorrow tell
The clans and chiefs no longer dwell
Who once did reign—
They took their last and long farewell
To cross the main.

On native soil their work is done,
Their glorious career is run,
Their last reward in battle won,
And they are gone ;

They conquered foes—would yield to none
But fate alone.

The Gaelic tongue, to them so dear,
Whose charming strains so sweet and clear,
Supplied good music to the ear,
And warmed the heart,
The stranger there can seldom hear
In any part.

The rustic bards no longer raise
Their voices sweet in Gaelic lays
To sing in melodies the praise
Of lord or chief ;
The bagpipes pass their nights and days
In silent grief.

No joyful sounds the hills attend ;
The mountains high with sorrow bend ;
The lonely deer their footsteps wend
Unto the main,
Along their masters' path extend
Their view in vain.

The muses to the bagpipes cling ;
The thrush and lark with dewy wing,
Among the scented flowers they spring
Above the plain.
Thus for the absent daily sing
In doleful strain :—

That noble band of stalwart men,
The heroes of the sword and pen,
Whose steps oft waked the silent glen
And ocean strand,
Shall never, never come again
To fatherland.

And they whom foes could not disgrace
The hand of time will soon efface,
And future ages plainly trace
In every rank
Of man's exalted, noble race
A total blank.

The brave departed gallant host
With their expiring breath may boast.

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G. B.

DEV.

No foreign power ruled their coast
Or made them slaves;
Will friendly hands this tribute post
Above their graves.

Although the sword they now must sheath,
While here they lived our air to breathe,
Their nobles ruled their hills and heath,
And owned the same;
Now scattered millions twine their wreath
Of endless fame."

SAD END OF A NOTED POLITICIAN.

On a cold winter night, cruel death in its might
Deprives Mr. Brown of his senses;
Now the joys that attend all his honors must end,
And his long night of sorrow commences.

As he hears the decree, he determines to flee
To the gate of the dwelling of glory,
Put that gate he finds closed, and his entrance opposed,
Although sad to his party the story.

Thus insultingly used, thus disowned and refused,
He goes on in another direction;
At that medium place, where the Papists have grace,
He asks humbly for rest and protection.

But in vain as before for that rest to implore—
He must follow his downward gradation;
With the devil sedate he soon meets at his gate,
And there follows this short conversation:—

G. B.—Disappointed and grieved, of my comforts bereaved,
And my relatives all at a distance,
I have come to request of you leave here to rest,
And to ask your paternal assistance.

DEV.—Oh! my corpulent friend, I your case apprehend,
And will grant you the coveted pittance;
If you tell me the claim that you have on the same,
You will gain to my dwelling admittance.

G. B.—It is little you know in these regions below ;
You must think I'm a Papist or Paddy ;
As a child if you prize the retailer of lies,
I can certainly claim you for daddy.

Dev.—You must still keep aloof till you give me some
proof
Of your noble and worthy exertions ;
For I oft shall mistake if I venture to take
Every wandering stranger's assertions.

G. B.—In my nethermost robes I have brought you some
“Globes,”
You will find them a recommendation ;
They will prove beyond doubt that I labored
throughout
In extending your own domination.

Dev.—By the stories they tell now I know you too well,
And to have one more prudent would rather,
For, exposing my plan by the course which you ran,
You have brought much disgrace on your father.

For to win the applause of some men for my cause
Some discretion and caution are needed ;
But, regardless of this, you have acted amiss,
And my wise inspirations unheeded.

But your feelings I feel have resulted from zeal
To encourage your partners in evil ;
So, forgetting your sin, you may quietly come in,
But you must be exceedingly civil.

THE SINNER'S LAST FAREWELL.

Fare you well, yon lofty mountain,
Where a God-made man was slain,
Where my Saviour in anguish
Shed his blood for me in vain.

Fare you well, wide spreading valley,
Latest viewed of earthly scenes—
Earth where first I tasted sorrow,
Now to know what sorrow means.

Fare you well, most blessed spirits,
You've secured the better lot ;
If I wished, you would assist me,
But my stubborn soul would not.

Fare you well, sweet virgin mother
Of the Lamb for me that bled ;
Oft you've prayed he'd guide my footsteps,
But I'd rather not be led.

Fare you well, stern Judge, forever,
From your presence I must go ;
Long you bore with me in mercy—
Mercy now you cannot show.

Fare you well, good guardian angel,
Through whose care from every ill,
I was safe, but yet I perished
Through my own perverted will.

Fare you well, beloved brother,
Past is all your pain and fear ;
You will be forever happy ;
You need never shed a tear.

Fare you well, dear little sister ;
Reared together have we been ;
Oft together played and sported
At our cottage on the green.

Yes, together then and equal
In our temporary state ;
But how sad is now the contrast !
Oh ! how different our fate.

Fare you well, fond earthly parents ;
Cause of all my bitter woe,
Who, instead of guiding rightly,
Ill example loved to show.

Though yourselves obtained forgiveness,
Ere you drew your final breath,
Who will make due reparation,
For my soul's eternal death ?

Deep must be the bitter sorrow
That has rent your souls within ;

Good the God who, in his mercy,
Has forgiven you the sin.

Last of all, once darling daughter,
Long and sad farewell to you ;
Love unequalled once I bore you—
Love that mothers only knew.

Welcome, flames forever burning,
To your bosom I must go ;
Welcome, everlasting torment ;
Welcome, never ending woe.

Welcome, galling worm of conscience,
Hence to feed upon my soul,
Hence to pierce me every moment,
While unnumbered ages roll.

Welcome, wicked souls and demons,
Since your ways in life I chose,
You will be my soul's companions
Till eternity shall close.

THE ROAD OF LIFE.

Oh ! the road of life is a weary road,
And we meet all classes of persons there ;
Every pilgrim carries his weighty load
Of affliction trouble and hidden care.

Every traveller there, as he moves along,
Has some thoughts that trouble himself alone ;
Some regret or grief, some remembered wrong,
Some remorse or pain to the rest unknown.

Some abandoned scenes on each spirit steal,
Some beloved child or departed friend ;
But still heeding not what his neighbors feel,
Each keeps marching on to his journey's end.

The untutored peasant, whose lowly name
Is unknown to all but a neighbor band,
Meets the bard or sage, whose immortal fame
Is the talk of people in every land.

No foreign power ruled their coast
Or made them slaves ;
Will friendly hands this tribute post
Above their graves.

Although the sword they now must sheath,
While here they lived our air to breathe,
Their nobles ruled their hills and heath,
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He goes on in another direction ;
At that medium place, where the Papists have grace,
He asks humbly for rest and protection.

But in vain as before for that rest to implore—
He must follow his downward gradation :
With the devil sedate he soon meets at his gate,
And there follows this short conversation :—

G. B.—Disappointed and grieved, of my comforts bereaved,
And my relatives all at a distance,
I have come to request of you leave here to rest,
And to ask your paternal assistance.

DEV.—Oh ! my corpulent friend, I your case apprehend,
And will grant you the coveted pittance ;
If you tell me the claim that you have on the same,
You will gain to my dwelling admittance.

G. B.—It is little you know in these regions below ;
You must think I m a Papist or Paddy ;
As a child if you prize the retailer of lies,
I can certainly claim you for daddy.

DEV.—You must still keep aloof till you give me some
proof
Of your noble and worthy exertions ;
For I oft shall mistake if I venture to take
Every wandering stranger's assertions.

G. B.—In my nethermost robes I have brought you some
"Globes,"
You will find them a recommendation ;
They will prove beyond doubt that I labored
throughout
In extending your own domination.

DEV.—By the stories they tell now I know you too well,
And to have one more prudent would rather,
For, exposing my plan by the course which you ran,
You have brought much disgrace on your father.

For to win the applause of some men for my cause
Some discretion and caution are needed ;
But, regardless of this, you have acted amiss,
And my wise inspirations unheeded.

But your feelings I feel have resulted from zeal
To encourage your partners in evil ;
So, forgetting your sin, you may quietly come in,
But you must be exceedingly civil.

THE SINNER'S LAST FAREWELL.

Fare you well, yon lofty mountain,
Where a God-made man was slain,
Where my Saviour in anguish
Shed his blood for me in vain.

Fare you well, wide spreading valley,
Latest viewed of earthly scenes—
Earth where first I tasted sorrow,
Now to know what sorrow means.

Fare you well, most blessed spirits,
You've secured the better lot ;
If I wished, you would assist me,
But my stubborn soul would not.

Fare you well, sweet virgin mother
Of the Lamb for me that bled ;
Oft you've prayed he'd guide my footsteps,
But I'd rather not be led.

Fare you well, stern Judge, forever,
From your presence I must go ;
Long you bore with me in mercy—
Mercy now you cannot show.

Fare you well, good guardian angel,
Through whose care from every ill,
I was safe, but yet I perished
Through my own perverted will.

Fare you well, beloved brother,
Past is all your pain and fear ;
You will be forever happy ;
You need never shed a tear.

Fare you well, dear little sister ;
Reared together have we been ;
Oft together played and sported
At our cottage on the green.

Yes, together then and equal
In our temporary state ;
But how sad is now the contrast !
Oh ! how different our fate.

Fare you well, fond earthly parents ;
Cause of all my bitter woe,
Who, instead of guiding rightly,
Ill example loved to show.

Though yourselves obtained forgiveness,
Ere you drew your final breath,
Who will make due reparation,
For my soul's eternal death ?

Deep must be the bitter sorrow
That has rent your souls within ;

Good the God who, in his mercy,
Has forgiven you the sin.

Last of all, once darling daughter,
Long and sad farewell to you ;
Love unequalled once I bore you—
Love that mothers only knew.

Welcome, flames forever burning,
To your bosom I must go ;
Welcome, everlasting torment ;
Welcome, never ending woe.

Welcome, galling worm of conscience,
Hence to feed upon my soul,
Hence to pierce me every moment,
While unnumbered ages roll.

Welcome, wicked souls and demons,
Since your ways in life I chose,
You will be my soul's companions
Till eternity shall close.

THE ROAD OF LIFE.

Oh ! the road of life is a weary road,
And we meet all classes of persons there ;
Every pilgrim carries his weighty load
Of affliction trouble and hidden care.

Every traveller there, as he moves along,
Has some thoughts that trouble himself alone ;
Some regret or grief, some remembered wrong,
Some remorse or pain to the rest unknown.

Some abandoned scenes on each spirit steal,
Some beloved child or departed friend ;
But still heeding not what his neighbors feel,
Each keeps marching on to his journey's end.

The untutored peasant, whose lowly name
Is unknown to all but a neighbor band,
Meets the bard or sage, whose immortal fame
Is the talk of people in every land.

And the wealthy monarch, whose stolen spoils
He adores and serves as his only god,
Meets the humble slave who ignobly toils,
And knows no god but the scourging rod.

And the orphan, mourning for sire and home,
Meets the youth who spurns the advice of age,
And who longs abroad at his will to roam,
And his home to leave as a narrow cage.

And the pauper, pale with sore distress,
Who, despised, unknown has to roam about,
Meets the pampered lord whom his slaves caress;
Meets the glutton racked with the raging gout.

And the pauper, travelling further on,
Meets the miser sad who has riches stored,
But this dreary course who would rather run
Than to part with aught of his precious hoard.

The ill-used, forlorn, unhappy wife,
Whom some wicked wretch by deceit betrayed,
Who is sick and tired of the married life,
Casts a pitying glance on the courting maid.

And the weeping widow who mourns in vain,
In her lonely walks must turn aside
To let pass undisturbed the merry train
That pursues the steps of the new made bride.

Intermixed together glides along,
With the restless tide of the passing gale,
The melodious sound of the bridal song,
And the mournful dirge of the widow's wail.

And the little babe in his swaddling clothes,
In the first few steps of his path, may meet
With some sire deceased to his grave that goes,
On his bier enwrapped in a winding sheet.

And the helpless infant's feeble cry,
And the ringing tone of the tolling bell,
With the nursing rhyme, and the orphan's sigh,
In the heavens float in one blended swell.

But at last these beings are all the same,
For the haughty prince and his humble slave,

With the nameless wight and the man of fame,
In the end must sleep in the lonely grave.

And when there the maggots alike will creep
Through the cotton sheet and the silken shroud ;
Of our ranks in life will no record keep,
But will feast alike on the low and proud.

Oh ! remember, man, when you take a pride
In your worldly wealth or your noble birth,
That your home must be by the beggar's side,
On the cold, cold breast of your mother earth.

THE ORPHANS' VOICE.

O ye who have riches and friends by your side,
And fathers and mothers in virtue to guide,
Will ye for a moment now come and behold
Us orphans afflicted with miseries untold.

And look at our hearth and our death stricken home,
Our tear-furrowed cheeks, and our desolate dome ;
The father and mother who once were our pride
By death's cruel arrows are snatched from our side.

O ye on whose cheeks sorrow's tears never rolled,
To whom it did never its horrors unfold,
Do pity our state, disregard not our tears,
Though young are our days, and though few are our years.

All ye to whom wordly preferments avail,
All ye who will hear of this heartrending tale,
Give us of your sympathy, friendship and love ;
Your charity kind will be blessed from above.

No father to clothe us or bread for us earn,
To see that the truths of religion we learn,
Or safely to guide us through life's thorny path,
And teach us how best to avoid future wrath.

No mother have we to regard or caress,
In bitter affliction and woeful distress ;
No more shall we lie or recline on her breast,
Our minds to refresh, or heads weary to rest.

If sickness will come with its following trains,
No mother will cheer us to lessen our pains ;
No creature on earth can that angel replace ;
No more shall we gaze on her beautiful face.

If time should upon us with poverty roll,
No father will tend us our hearts to console,
Our souls to protect from the enemies snares,
To lighten our sorrows or banish our cares.

We never shall raise our bright eyes any more
To that tender mother we loved before ;
We never shall prattle on dear father's knee
In childish diversion and innocent glee.

Farewell to our father, to mother farewell,
Though hid from our sight, in our hearts you will dwell ;
Our souls we will strive to preserve from all stain,
That above we may meet and embrace you again.

FOR AN ORANGE PROCESSION ON THE 12TH.

Behold the mongrel train, the motley crew,
Who, bent on war, their silly course pursue ;
With this intent, in slow procession march
Beneath the circle of their shabby arch,
With dusty banners, and with faded flags,
Which answer well above the musty rags
That serve to shield their dwarf mis-shapen forms
From the attacks of prone approaching storms,
Which God on such occasions showers down
To point to mortals injured heaven's frown.
With knives and pistols armed, the angry throng
To seek for war proceed to march along ;
They reach the town—see how they promenade !
Their follies publish, and defects parade.
As arm to arm we view each couple linked
We judge our race is very nigh extinct.
If these be men, then does the name disgrace
The stalwart portion of the human race ;
More fit resemblance you could not obtain
Than sheep or goats exposed for nights to rain ;
Their sole desire to say with truth they've stood

Up to their knees in streaming Popish blood.
To make occasions for committing crimes,
They vomit forth their gross insulting rhymes,
And pray the Pope would hurriedly descend
To where their way with hasty steps they wend ;
But since the neighbors with all patience bear
Those epithets the brethren never spare,
They angrily their bad success bewail,
And gnash their teeth to see their efforts fail ;
But in a moment they their baffled minds console
By drinking deeply of the sparkling bowl,
Until the tickling current heats their veins,
When they renew their hoarse and spiteful strains,
And pour profusely all along their path,
In frothy hisings, their redundant wrath,
Till disappointment teaches them again
To cause disturbance, that they strive in vain.

Thus foiled so n they begin to tire
Of seeking ho y to glut their ire ;
Then, slabbared o'er with alcoholic foam,
Each lodge proceeds to its respective home ;
Along the road they peal their frightful yells,
Whose sound the common rowdy plairly tells—
Their vaunted songs but hoarse and hellish howls,
Which mock the chorus of the forest owls.

At length, into the lodge they make their way,
Where they some moments of their time delay
To doff the badges, which the friendly shower,
For pity's sake has kindly deigned to scour ;
And dirty flags and banners lay away,
To serve their purpose on some coming day ;
Then wait a while to study if they can
Invent some method, or devise a plan
By which, in future, they can quarrels raise,
To pass the moments of their leisure days ;
Then drunken, reeling, each betakes the road
That forms the pathway to his low abode ;
There lays him down, with conscious guilt forlorn,
To greet with sorrow the approaching morn ;
To sleep the sleep of those who know no rest,
For conscience always stings the sinful breast ;
To dream the dreams of those who greatly fear
That stern misfortunes always linger near.

THE ULTRA - FASHIONABLE MAIDS.

Those maids we see, who look so free,
Whom every day we spy ;
Whose mien and gate their thoughts relate,
As they go limping by ;
Whose crimson cheek, and looks so meek
Would fain defects supply ;
Whose frizzled hair, and features fair
Oft charm the human eye ;
Are seeming so because on show
Our kind too much rely.

Would they appear to us so dear
Or kindle passion's flame,
If we but knew, and kept in view,
From whence these beauties came—
That human art the greater part
Invented of the same ;
That they receive from mother Eve,
Of what adorns their frame,
But what we know tends more to show
They should not feel but shame.

How oft thus lay the secret way
In which the game is played :—
A shapeless mass, by name a lass,
Is artfully arrayed,
Is neatly bound with metal round
And trimmings wisely made,
And padded o'er with worthless store
To cover unbetrayed
The sad defects, which one detects
When nature is displayed.

With tender care they leave quite bare
What parts are fit to face,
Or please the eyes of youths they prize,
No matter what their place.
They daub with paint what they make faint
With binding cord and lace ;
And why, forsooth ? we know, in truth,
To win the life embrace
Of some they know will not be slow
Through this their will to trace.

And on the skull, already dull
With low and grovelling care,
(By oil and paint, without restraint,
Of nature's dress stript bare)
Is placed all round a shapeless mound
Of manufactured hair,
Which does not tend to fragrance lend,
Where polypi prepare,
For future breeds to hide their deeds,
A comfortable lair.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Bright New Year's Day has come again,
With joy for some—for others pain ;
For many too it comes in vain.

How many lived twelve months ago
Who now are gone, as facts can show,
To reign in bliss or dwell in woe !

Their bodies fill the silent grave—
A lonely, dark, secluded cave,
The common home of king and slave.

In perfect health, they did not fear
The fatal day was then so near,
When they should end their short career.

They little thought that very year
They would before their Judge appear,
From whom we all our doom must hear.

And also many live to-day
Who ere next year will be away,
But who they are, we cannot say.

No mortal now through time can see
How in the future things shall be,
What deaths ere long shall God decree.

Our lives like shadows pass away ;
No earthly power can time delay,
Nor even make one moment stay.

And every year that passes by
Brings certain death a year more nigh,
From which no man can ever fly.

The joys of life are short and vain,
And truly worthless is their gain ;
They leave behind remorse and pain.

Yet on the works which we do here
Depends a never-ending year ;
And this should always waken fear.

On what we are when death shall come
Depends our long eternal home—
Devouring fire, or angel's dome.

ON SCOTLAND.

Of all the maids on earth that dwell,
There's one supreme above the rest ;
And, darling maid, with truth I tell,
That I sincerely love thee best.

I prize thee more than wealthy dames
Who may surpass in riches thee ;
But, ah ! their vain inglorious names
Have no such charms as thine for me.

And though just nature did bestow
On thee its choicest, richest robe ;
Though she adorned thy noble brow
As charming mistress of the globe.

Though human art with nature vied,
And on thee spent its golden store,
To clothe thee rich as monarch's bride :
Yet not for these I prize thee more.

For thou hast charms that these excel—
They're honor, purity and fame—
Too proud to yield to tyrants fell,
Or humbly serve beneath the same.

This eminence is thine alone ;
In this on earth thou reign'st as queen ;

These jewels that adorn thy crown
Can in no other crown be seen.

Thou charming maid the rage hast stood
Of nations sworn thee to betray ;
Preferred to shed thy precious blood,
Than let their threats thy heart dismay.

Could I but wing my flight to see
Those many beauties grand of thine,
I'd humble homage pay to thee,
And on thy bosom I'd recline.

I'd kiss the brow that Bruce did kiss,
When he for thee an infant cared,
And share the smiles—those smiles of bliss—
That once immortal Wallace shared.

Although the eye cannot behold,
The lover's heart can love thee still,
Until this corpse lies stiff and cold,
Until his heart in death is chill.

TO ROBERT BURNS : AFTER READING HIS
LIFE AND POEMS.

Oh ! highly gifted noble bard,
How little mankind did reward
Your efforts to bequeath with grace
This treasure to the Scottish race.
How little pleasure strewed your way ;
How seldom fortune did repay
Your talents or your talents' worth,
While toiling hard for man on earth.
How often trouble, pain and grief
Made sweet contentment linger brief.
How often sorrow's piercing dart
Betrayed the noble poet's heart.
And can I here reluctant see
What woes the future has for me.

A WICKED WOMAN.

While in distant lands remaining,
Undergoing useful training,
I was thoroughly persuaded
That of all our wives and maidens
They had there the most degraded.
One whose features fast were waning,
For her maiden bloom was faded ;
She had furrowed cheeks grown sable,
And two eyes, with anger flaming,
In a heavy skull o'er laden
With a score of summers' savings
Of coarse hair, as black as ravens.
Once she was a gentle baby,
But she had become outrageous
From her countless worldly failures.
O'er her husband she was claiming
Right to be a monarch reigning,
And the power to enslave him ;
While he never can persuade her
That she really is mistaken,
When she thinks that she should labor
As it suits her inclination.
With her enemies, her neighbors
And her comrades she was famous
For her pugilistic bravery,
And abuses never failed
When she got such entertainments,
To dispel her gloomy phrases,
For it was her consolation
To be seeing quarrels raging,
And she always tried to raise them
During lack of occupation
In the duties of her station.
When she failed in this obtaining,
She would seek the precious flavor
Of the cup which oft debased
To the lowest degradation
All the faculties that raised her
To the level of our nature.

WRITTEN IN THE HOUSE OF A QUARRELSOME
WIFE AND DRUNKEN HUSBAND.

Oh ! What a pleasure it would be
To reach the gates of hell
For those who in a place like this
For many years must dwell.

Good angels, if ye ever weep,
Here drop one pitying tear ;
But, demons, dare not tread this place,
If woman's rage ye fear.

WRITTEN OVER A PIECE OF POETRY.

The writer of this should not take it amiss
What I think of his song if I state :
It shows that he has but the wit of an ass,
And an idiot's doom is his fate.

WRITTEN FOR TWO MEN WHO QUARRELLED
IN BED.

Now my friends I'll endeavor to tell you a tale
Of what happened one night between Ronald and Raleigh,
And how they on their comrades did sorrow entail
When, as beasts from their dens, from their beds they
did sally.

For the cause of the row though they both should be
blamed,
It was well for a while the spectators enjoyed it,
Till the actions committed made Raleigh ashamed,
When the fun with his curses he quickly destroyed it.

For by all that was holy he earnestly swore
That his vengeance he'd reek on the wicked offender :
For a while your intrusions I patiently bore ;
To put up with them longer, I'll not be so tender.

But this quickly made Ronald by passion be moved ;
What of courage was wanting vexation supplied it ;

Ere your words have effect they by deeds must be proved,
And if now you're so willing come out and decide it.

Now Raleigh with anger and fury got bold ;
Said, "For false innuendoes I'll have you arrested ;
I would rather it cost me ten dollars in gold,
Than by renegade Scotchmen be always molested."

But these threats of appeal to the power of the law
Had but little effect on our obstinate Ronald ;
That its officers failed in their duty he saw,
And but little he dreaded the course they'd have followed.

When poor Raleigh had seen his endeavors were vain,
In a tremour he said, "Though I swing on the gallows,
Till your skull I have split, uncontent I'll remain,
And your carcass I'll give to the ravens and swallows."

Still threatenings angry were vain as before,
And instead of submitting, the other abused him ;
"No such insults from you I will take any more,"
And the least satisfaction he proudly refused him.

Now their passions had clearly affected the brain,
And both of them quickly for combat adjusted ;
Though their naked appearance I dare not explain ;
It made even themselves feel ashamed and disgusted.

But as now it is over, and friendship they share,
The spectators and others are of the opinion
That the following title the parties should bear :
"The two naked champions of the Dominion."

TROUBLES AND COMPLAINTS OF A PARTY ON AN EXPLORING SURVEY.

Before starting for the woods :—

We have supped to excess of old Bacchus' sweet honey,
And our bodies all over feel ticklish and funny,
In our pockets there's plenty of gentlemen's money—
We are just in the humor for this expedition.

Going to the woods on foot :—

Its with sadness we learn from the facts now unravelled
That on foot we must go o'er these roads roughly grav-
elled ;

We would rather by far o'er the same to have travelled,
If you'd give us some easier mode of transition.

Disagreement about the terms :—

As we learn your designs our anxieties deepen—
May you not as well charge for our board as our weapon,
For the food which we eat as the blankets we sleep on ;
So we cannot go further on such a condition.

Complaining of treatment received :—

We can bear with this treatment no longer, bejabbers ;
If you will not do better and quit of your capers,
Will complain to your chief through the Government
papers,
And induce the whole party to sign the petition.

When asked to pack :—

Oh ! we never agreed to assist you in packing ;
We believe very well that assistance is lacking,
But the Government coffers you have for your backing,
And if that will not help you, it's wilful omission.

Out of provisions :—

Can you think that the treatment you give us is charming ?
We believe the reverse—that it's rather alarming ;
You can see by our features we're wretchedly starving,
And we soon must succumb just from sheer inanition.

Afterwards :—

Since for lingering weeks we have starved for you gratis,
While the meanest devourers of mankind were at us,
You must now get the richest of dainties to fat us,
And supply our desires and our wants to repletion.

Preparing to return :—

But of all our afflictions this here is the sorest ;
Sure it cannot appear either manly or honest
To compel us at last to return through the forest,
And our joys thus to doom to a speedy completion.

Returning home :—

Why the deuce don't you furnish us money to squander,
And allow us at will to our passions to pander ?
For to have them as slaves and our reason commander
Can not be the chief object of bummers' ambition.

EPITAPH FOR A GRIT POLITICIAN.

As your victim with Government money has got away,
We Canadians, Satan, would thank you sincerely
If you'd kindly consent to return it to Ottawa,
When you come for the next of the clique you love dearly.

PROCEEDINGS AT A GRANGE MEETING.—
PRAYER BY CHAPLAIN.

Of thee, who art pleased with our famous society
We ask that all members be filled to satiety,
With all the good things that this earth can afford them ;
That thou thy best graces and favors accord them.
Vouchsafe, as the age of our order advances,
With liberal heart to increase our finances ;
Raise the prices of exports the farmer produces,
And lessen the cost of the imports he uses.
Direct him to save the retailer's percentage,
And to sell all his produce to better advantage.
Be pleased in thy goodness to graciously favor,
With magnificent profits the husbandman's labor ;
Let red-chaff and barley be terrible dear,
And cheap as old saw-dust be loaf bread and beer ;
Make dearer the wool of the sheep that he feeds,
And lessen the prices of flannels and tweeds ;
Make dearer the flax to be made into clothing,
And let us have linens just nearly for nothing.
Make dearer the hides of his bullocks and wethers,
Diminish the cost of gloves, shoe-packs and leathers ;
But lower immensely, and keep down for ages,
All other inferior laborers' wages.
In short, be a friend to thy servants, the grangers,
And let all outsiders be to thee as strangers,
Who shall trudge through this world as poor as a raven,
And suffer much more through eternity. Amen.

All the green is faded over hill and dale ;
And the leaves are floating down before the gale,
While the tears are flowing o'er my cheeks so pale,
For my dear departed, as I weep and wail.

Autumn's chilly winds around her careless rave,
And no pretty blossoms on her bosom wave ;
And the grass is withered on her lonely grave,
Though I oft the surface with my tears did lave.

When the summer cometh, other flowers will spring,
Tuneful birds, with gladness, songs of joy will sing,
But can never pleasure to my bosom bring,
For a pang of sorrow steals through everything.

Every breeze around me that goes whistling by,
Draws another bubble from my tearful eye ;
Not a lovely creature in my walks I spy
But my pining bosom heaves another sigh.

Every charming maiden that I chance to meet,
Every angel lady breathing accents sweet,
Every modest woman on my path I greet,
For my darling lost one makes my heart to beat.

But what tends still further to increase my woe,
Is the fear that henceforth I must live to know
That at times the stranger by her grave will go,
Who will be unconscious of the worth below.

O, ye powers of heaven, I this favor crave :
Let me from oblivion her memory save,
And proclaim to mankind all the charms she gave,
And her many virtues on their hearts engrave.

Does she look from heaven on my streaming tears ?
Does my voice of sadness reach her modest ears ?
Do my sighs of anguish pierce the heav'nly spheres,
Where a crown of glory on her brow appears ?

As she joins the angels round her Maker's throne,
Does she see me weeping by her grave alone,
With my eyes fixed gazing on the marble stone,
Whose engraven letters tell her soul is gone ?

Of flowerets sweet on earth we meet,
Whose charms are fit to soothe our care,
The finest dower in nature's power—
A blooming flower, a lily fair—
I met by chance, while, musing once,

I cast a glance at blossoms where,
In wreathes entombed, this lily bloomed
Midst others doomed to linger there ;
While silence breathes : "What power bequeaths
These precious wreaths, so golden rare."

Beneath the light of ringlets bright,
In purest white and rosy hue,
Its leaflets shone, effulgent grown
As nature's own protected grew ;
As if that way the choicest ray
Of summer's day unerring flew,
And nightly shade its power swayed,
And o'er it laid its purest dew ;
While from it went a fragrant scent
Which odour lent the winds that blew.

While to my eye the clearest dye
Of lights on high this flower displays,
The purest glow of heaven's bow
Its leaflets show, its hue betrays ;
And Venus, queen of all the scene,
Its form did screen with shining rays ;
Each star that gleams above, it seems,
Its brightest beams around it lays ;
The humble bard, with deep regard,
His best reward and homage pays.

Oh ! mild and gay, and lengthy may
Thy blooming day, thy summer be ;
And long may last the charms thou hast,
And autumn's blast thy presence flee ;
And, lily bright, for man's delight
From winter's blight may thou be free ;
And shame forbid that human greed
Should ever lead to crushing thee,
But fondly bless, admire your dress,
Or gently press with joy and glee.

AWAY FROM HOME.

All nature is wearing a smile of delight ;
The stars in the heavens are glittering bright ;
No outward occasion of sorrow I see ;
All creatures seem happy, all creatures save me.

The maid on the arm of her lover reclines,
Her countenance beaming with happiness shines,
Untroubled with sorrow, contented and free ;
How distant, alas ! are my loved ones from me.

The father enjoys the delight of the smiles
Of her who as partner his pastime beguiles ;
The mother caresses her prize on her knee ;
No mother to prize, and no smiles wait on me.

The victims of poverty toil through the day ;
But even though wretched and destitute, they
At eve to the warm shade of friendship may flee ;
While cold hands of strangers are waiting on me.

The savage and redskin, wherever they roam,
May find all the coveted blessings of home,
Are always allowed by kind nature's decree
The prize that vain fortune has tempted from me.

The vilest of wretches their passions can tame,
Some short intermissions of pleasure may claim ;
No pleasure can conquer or regulate thee,
The home-loving passion that ruleth in me.

The beasts of the forest may ramble and play,
In the depths of the night may rejoice o'er their prey ;
While I must a prey to my sorrow then be ;
No moments of pleasure are waiting on me.

And even the father of sorrow and shame
May daily exult o'er the victims that claim
To honor no deity greater than he ;
While sadness and grief make their victims of me.

Oh ! thou, my soul, why grow so tired
Of all thou seest here below ;
What sages loved and kings admired
Appears to thee but empty show.

The prison of this narrow clay
Is hateful to thy soaring mind,
Where woes increase with every day,
And pleasures new we cannot find.

To toil, to eat, to laugh, to weep,
To seek in vain some prize to win ;

To care, to rest, to think, to sleep,
Make up each day the whole routine.

'Tis not that riches from us flee
That makes thy lot appear so hard ;
Thou wouldst as wretched, joyless be
Although the world were thy reward.

Although to please thyself alone,
The world entire thou couldst employ,
Thou wouldst at last be forced to own
It could not give thee real joy.

Nay, though to every star we see
Thou now wer't free to take thy flight,
Each would not make one feast for thee,
Nor give a moment's true delight.

When there thou wouldst begin to tire,
To please thyself, seek other means ;
Wouldst long to other sights admire,
Some new, unknown and stranger scenes.

And such shall be thy bitter doom,
Till from this prison thou art free ;
Till I shall dwell within the tomb,
And thou to distant realms shall flee.

But sorrow not, my spirit, cheer :
Thou soon wilt leave this narrow cell ;
The time is swiftly drawing near
In other lands where thou must dwell.

And it will take thee all thy time
To get in order and prepare
To reach secure the better clime—
To safely make thy journey there

For time is flying swiftly on :
The morning ushers in the night ;
The night is scarcely come when gone
To travel onward in its flight.

The autumn flies with rapid wing,
To give grim, weary winter way ;
The winter paves the road for spring,
And spring prepares for summer gay.

The seasons thus few times will pass
To form the span of human life,
Which then will seem a dream that was,
And show how vain is worldly strife.

There, then, my soul, thou wilt obtain
The freedom now thou lov'st to crave.
While I alone must here remain,
To sleep, forgot, in yonder grave.

When my spirit feels inclined
O'er this mournful vale to find
Fairest form of human kind,
Then I think of you.

When my fancy seeks delight
Musing 'mong the lilies bright,
Then to you it takes its flight,
Who have equals few.

When my eyes would fain repose
On a pretty blooming rose,
Then methinks your cheeks disclose
Its most charming hue.

When I seek the light that flies
In the May-morn azurs skies,
Fancy tells I'll find the prize
In your mirrors blue.

When oppressed with grief and care,
Fain I'd seek for shelter there
'Neath your raven locks of hair,
And pour my tears like dew.

When in nature's boundless space
I some pleasing features trace,
They appear but to replace
Yours before my view.

When I feel inclined to dwell
Where your looks with magic spell
Feelings of respect would tell,
I your absence rue.

And while cruel fate exiles,
And I seek the charm of smiles

Which the mother-heart beguiles,
All my woes renew.

But my longings all are vain ;
My desires I must restrain ;
So until we meet again,
Unto you adieu.

EPITAPH FOR A MAN NAMED WEDLOCK.

Let henpecked husbands grieve no more,
No wives abused their fate deplore ;
Let lovers' tears like dew-drops pour,
For wedlock pains and joys are o'er.

FOR MISS A——.

Her slender waist so tightly laced,
It makes her face look black ;
Her cheeks so pale with efforts frail
To keep life's current back ;
For this, thinks she, makes lovers see
The charms her features lack.

Her's answers just the Hindoo bust
Or Negroe's ruder form ;
Her features glow with sudden woe
And anger's bitter storm ;
She labors so to gain a beau,
Some chilly heart to warm.

LINES WRITTEN ON A BILL ANNOUNCING
ONE OF CHINIQUEY'S LECTURES.

You know that I act as impurity's friend,
Then let every strumpet this lecture attend ;
The dirtiest stories I'll there let you hear,
With filthy obscenity tickle the ear.

FOR THE SAME.

Hear my passions wildly raving,
Food to feed their hunger craving ;
Every appetite's uneasy,
Come with money, come to please me.

EPITAPH FOR A WICKED MILLIONAIRE.

If religion were changed so that riches were virtue, and
virtue were riches,
The deceased would be blessed, and enjoy for all time the
most perfect beatitude ;
As it is, I'm afraid he will suffer a while where theology
teaches.
The sinner will lie at the mercy of Lucifer's feeling of
gratitude.

ORANGE PATRIOTISM.

Breathes there the man with soul so dead
Who never to himself has said :
This is my own, my native land.
— Scott's lay of the last minstrel.

Sweet minstrel, yes, there breathes that man,
If by such name we ought to call
The traitor wretch who lowly stoops
To celebrate his country's fall.

He breathes in every Irish soul
That with the motley train can join,
To keep in mind the day on which
Was fought the battle of the Boyne.

EPITAPH FOR MARIA MONK.

Whoever ye are by this tomb that shall go,
Beware lest ye tread on the filth that's below,
For under this monument lowly are laid
The mortal remains of a comical jade.

Ye swine that by accident hither come round,
Refrain from disturbing or turning the ground,
Or else you will die from inhaling the air ;
Ye feathering songsters, be cautious, take care.

This only exception 'tis proper to make :
That Methodist preachers full freedom may take,
For they loved and accompanied her while she lived,
And from them she special attention received.

FOR A FALLEN PRIEST.

Ye passers by here pause to mourn
Around this melancholy urn,
Where loathsome maggots careless feast
Upon the poor degraded priest.

No more the hungry passions rave ;
The appetites no longer crave
Their usual supply of ill,
And all around is solemn still.

The soul—that slave of fear and dread,
Of shame, remorse, and pride—is fled.
Oh ! poor, immortal soul, couldst thou
Reveal what's thy religion now.

FOR A HENPECKED HUSBAND.

O, ye who are now as I was,
Will ye hark to my tale as ye pass.
All my life was but sorrow and grief
Until death came and brought me relief.
Who will live as I've lived they will find
It not difficult to be resigned
To the will of the powers on high,
At what time its decreed they must die ;
For I knew that if bliss I'd obtain,
Then to die would be for me a gain ;
And if hell were my fate 'twere no loss,
For my wife was so fearfully cross.

FOR CHINIQUY.

Here lies the priest who changed his creed
To get what custom calls a wife,
But solemn vows most strongly plead,
He never led a married life.

St. Peter, if your doom he seek,
Refuse to open heaven's door,
For he would scarcely stay a week,
When for a wife he'd hell explore.

Dear reader, please in mind to bear,
That in the realms of bliss above,
There is no wife permitted there
To man, however strong his life.

FOR THE EDITOR OF THE "MONTREAL
WITNESS."

Let unscrupulous liars here gather and weep
For the child of the devil who here is asleep ;
And if justice will govern when Lucifer dies,
He'll inherit the title of " father of liars."

But such honor might more than his deeds recompense,
For although he was willing he had not the sense
That would carry his purpose to such an extent ;
He could only retail what the rest would invent.

THE SCATTERED FAMILY ON NEW YEAR'S
DAY.

Though mountains and forests and waters divide us,
Where fate and ill fortune have led us to stray ;
Though infidel strangers are living beside us,
Our hearts will together be dwelling to-day.

Aglow with affection, with vivid love burning,
In fancy, dear parents, to you we will flee ;
From North, from the West, from above, where no
mourning
Embitters the joys of the blest and the free.

We hasten, dear parents, our homage to render,
Our hearts as our treasure to lay at your feet,
And proofs to convince of our reverence tender,
To beg for your blessing at home's sweet retreat ;

To think of the scenes of our innocent childhood,
Where, happy, contented, not dreaming of care,
We roamed through the valleys, the meadows and wild-
wood,

To view the fair blossoms then flourishing there.

'Tis true that our hearts often linger around you,
From morn until evening when bound by sleep's chain,
Then dream of the cords of love to us that bound you,
And sigh to return when it frees them again.

To-day shall they linger more constant than ever,
Around our loved parents, around our loved home ;
No thoughts of the world for a moment shall sever
Our hearts from that spot, or from there make them roam.

What prospect to children, to parents more pleasing
Than that we this union forever might share !
In filial love be united unceasing,
No matter what fate or our foes may prepare.

'Tis true not on earth, for we'll soon be dismembered :
Shall death in the good love for others destroy ?
Can bliss then be reigning and home unremembered ?
Away with such notions of heavenly joy.

WRITTEN FOR T. W., AFTER HIS DEATH.

We were placed in this world its enjoyments to share,
Its affliction and crosses with patience to bear ;
Its trials at all times to take as our due,
But as gifts underserved its enjoyments to view.

But when living in comfort we seldom incline
To refer all the glory to power divine,
But imagine the honor and merit our own,
And scarce ever prepare for the future unknown.

But when these are withdrawn, and the giver bestows
Great afflictions upon us, our feelings they rouse ;

We begin then to think that there is one on high
Who these chastisements sends us our patience to try.

Of the numerous evils that mortals befall,
The death of a friend's the most bitter of all,
Be he criminal wicked or virtuous true ;
Yet our grief corresponds to the losses we rue.

When the wicked or criminal enter the tomb,
Though ignoble their end, and though bitter their doom,
Yet the Christian sincere their sad fate will bemoan,
Still he mourns for themselves, for the loss is their own.

But when one who is virtuous, honest, sincere,
Must depart from this life and his friends the most dear,
Though we grieve for the loss to the friends he did love,
We rejoice for the joys that await him above.

So it is not with sorrow unmingled with joy ;
That we weep for this youth who so well did employ
All those talents so brilliant that heaven bestowed
On a creature so nobly and richly endowed.

THE SCATTERED FAMILY.

How far we did scatter, how soon we did part !
What bitter remembrances trouble each heart !
The intimate union that once we enjoyed,
Now that we are severed, is sadly destroyed.

To part from that dear spot we loved was our doom ;
That place, once so cheerful, behold is in gloom
Where passed we our youthful and innocent days ;
By children abandoned, it desolate lays.

Yes, there are our parents left almost alone ;
Our home is forsaken—its inmates are gone ;
And sisters and brothers, who loved us so well,
Apart from each other and mother now dwell.

Wild forests and mountains and lakes intervene,
And hide from our vision one beautiful scene,
Where, happy at home, we our time did employ
In peace, satisfaction, contentment and joy.

We left our sweet home distant climates to range,
To meet there with nothing but infidel's strange,
Who know not our feelings, who know not our hearts ;
Such is often his fate who from parents departs.

We left all the pleasures of birthplace and home,
To wander about, for a living to roam,
Cast on the wide world—so unfriendly, so cold
Where honor and virtue mean riches and gold.

How bitter is life, full of sorrow and woe,
When children from father and mother must go !
When brothers must part from the sisterly smile,
To live with the stranger, the wretched and vile.

There once was a time, but it's now past and o'er,
When little we dreaded what fate was in store ;
When, innocent, happy and free from all care,
We feared not what afterwards time might prepare.

Alas for us now if our hearts will grow cold ;
Though faces or features we cannot behold,
In filial love to unite let us strive ;
Peradventure the time we can meet will arrive.

And then our rejoicing will more than repay
Our sorrow and grief while we live far away.
So then let us hope for that happiest hour,
When every such pleasure will be in our power.

A MOTHER TO HER ABSENT FAMILY AND
DEPARTED CHILD.

Oft in the still dark night I feel
For you that are abroad ;
How you did part with gloomy heart
From your beloved abode,
Where you had spent in sweet content,
At troubles all unawed,
Your youthful days in virtue's ways,
Ere thorny paths you trod ;
But you were glad with what you had,
For joy came then from God.

But now the strife of bitter life
Has banished childish glee ;
For you have sought ('tis dearly bought)
Your wealth from parents free,
The world wide alone for guide—
Oh ! from its maxims flee.
Though far away, your hearts may stay
Where you did kindness see.
I hope that yet you don't forget
The truths you learned from me.

But though you left your home bereft,
I know you love most dear
Each other still with heart and will,
As though you were still near
The teachers kind you left behind,
Where often you did cheer
With childish strains my toil and pains,
And checked a mother's tear ;
But of true love which springs above,
That you fall short I fear.

For there is one unseen by man
Who 'neath the sod was laid ;
Your sister dear she was while here,
And has her love decayed ;
Though rapt in love she reigns above
Unneedful of our aid ;
Her toil is done, her crown is won,
And death her grief has stayed ;
But still think not she has forgot
Our time is still delayed.

Oh ! no, but still forever will
Look down with pitying eye
On her who did, in childish need,
Her many wants supply,
Who for the rest with which she's blest
Will now and ever sigh.
May she obtain that not in vain,
When death's dread hour is nigh,
We ask and pray that thence we may
Rejoice with her on high.

No words can paint in style most faint
What you my child did gain :

To reign with Him, the God supreme,

Amid the seraph's strain,
Where sorrow's moan, and griefs unknown,
With the celestial train.
With thine compared the pleasures shared
On earth are grief and pain ;
For worldly joy is base alloy,
And earthly pleasures vain.

But how or why came you to die
Ere sin took virtue's place ?
Except design of power divine
No reason can I trace.
Some power, indeed, must have decreed
That such should be the case.
While we to moan, to sigh and groan,
Deprived of such a grace,
On earth are left, of joy bereft,
Your eyes behold his face.

From wishes vain, from toil and pain,
Though you are ever free,
Yet joy is brief, our lot is grief,
While here below are we.
Then from above look down with love,
And pray that yet we be
Allowed to share the crown you wear
For all eternity,
And voices raise to sing the praise
Of one great God in three.

RELIGIOUS
SOCIETY

